

1491. b. 16.

LLANGOLLEN VALE,

WITH

OTHER POEMS:

BY

ANNA SEWARD.

SECOND EDITION.



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SONNET.

DEVA, when next my vagrant steps explore
The haunts romantic, where thy silver streams,
On which the garish Sun but seldom gleams,
Fill with their wild and fancy-foothing roar,
LLANGOLLEN's verdant straights, and mountains hoar,
How shall I dwell enraptur'd on the themes,
That now th' immortal MUSE of Britain deems
Worthy her sacred scroll, unmark'd before!
The Steeds whose fetlocks swam in blood, the host
Of GLENDOUR, claiming Valour's brightest meed,
HOEL's love-breathing harp, and lays divine,
And the fair WANDERERS from Ierne's coast,
Who, to fond Friendship's gentle power decreed,
Rear in thy hallow'd Vale the simple shrine.

H. F. CARY.

CANNOCK, *December*, 1795.

SONNET.

Dava, when next my vagrant steps explore
 The hands romantic, where thy silver streams,
 On which the gentle Sun but seldom gleams,
 Fill with their wild and fancy-footing roar,
 Llangollen's verdant heights, and mountain hoar,
 How shall I dwell enraptured on the theme,
 That now the immortal MUSE of Britain deems
 Worthy her sacred scroll, unmark'd before!
 The steeds whose fetlocks swim in blood, the host
 Of Gleaners, claiming Valour's brightest deed,
 Hark! have breathing harp, and lays divine,
 And the fair WARRIORS from Ierne's coast,
 Who lend Friendship's gentle power decreed,
 Near in the hollow'd Vale the simple shrine.



H. F. CARY.

LLANGOLLEN VALE,

INSCRIBED TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

LADY ELEANOR BUTLER,

AND

MISS PONSONBY.

LUXURIANT Vale, thy Country's early boast,
What time great GLENDOUR gave thy scenes to Fame;
Taught the proud numbers of the English Host,
How vain their vaunted force, when Freedom's flame
Fir'd him to brave the Myriads he abhorr'd,
Wing'd his unerring shaft, and edg'd his victor sword.

Here first those orbs unclosing drank the light,
Cambria's bright stars, the meteors of her Foes;
What dread and dubious omens* mark'd the night,
That lour'd, ere yet his natal morn arose!
The Steeds paternal, on their cavern'd floor,
Foaming, and horror-struck, "fret fetlock-deep in gore."

* *Omens.* According to the records of Lewis Owen, the year 1349 was distinguished by the first appearance of the PESTILENCE in Wales, and by the birth of OWEN GLENDOUR. Hollingshed relates the marvellous tale of his Father's

PLAGUE, in her livid hand, o'er all the Isle,
 Shook her dark flag, impure with fetid stains;
 While "DEATH*", on his pale Horse," with baleful smile,
 Smote with its blasting hoof the frightened plains.
 Soon thro' the grafs-grown streets, in silence led,
 Slow moves the midnight Cart, heapt with the naked Dead.

Yet in the festal dawn of Richard's† reign,
 Thy gallant GLENDOUR's funny prime arose;
 Virtuous, tho' gay, in that Circean fane,
 Bright Science twin'd her circlet round his brows;
 Nor cou'd the youthful, rash, luxurious King
 Dissolve the Hero's worth on his Icarian wing.

Sudden it drops on its meridian flight!—
 Ah! hapless Richard! never didst thou aim
 To crush primeval Britons with thy might,
 And their brave Glendour's tears embalm thy name.
 Back from thy victor-Rival's vaunting Throng,
 Sorrowing, and stern, he sinks LLANGOLLEN's shades among.

Horses, being found that night in their stables, standing up to the middle in blood.
 The Bard, IOLO GOCH, mentions a Comet, which marked the great deeds of Glendour, when he was in the meridian of his glory. See Mr. PENNANT'S TOUR.

* Ifaiah.

† Richard the Second.



Soon, in imperious Henry's* dazzled eyes,
 The guardian bounds of just Dominion melt;
 His scarce-hop'd crown imperfect blifs supplies,
 Till Cambria's vassalage be deeply felt.
 Now up her craggy steeps, in long array,
 Swarm his exulting Bands, impatient for the fray.

Lo! thro' the gloomy night, with angry blaze,
 Trails the fierce Comet, and alarms the Stars;
 Each waning Orb withdraws its glancing rays,
 Save the red Planet, that delights in wars.
 Then, with broad eyes upturn'd, and starting hair,
 Gaze the astonish'd Crowd upon its vengeful glare.

Gleams the wan Morn, and thro' LLANGOLLEN's Vale
 Sees the proud Armies streaming o'er her meads.
 Her frightened Echos warning sounds affail,
 Loud, in the rattling cars, the neighing steeds;
 The doubling drums, the trumpet's piercing breath,
 And all the ensigns dread of havoc, wounds, and death.

* Henry the Fourth.

High on a hill as shrinking CAMBRIA stood,
 And watch'd the onset of th' unequal fray,
 She saw her Deva, stain'd with warrior-blood,
 Lave the pale rocks, and wind its fateful way
 Thro' meads, and glens, and wild woods, echoing far
 The din of clashing arms, and furious shout of war.

From rock to rock, with loud acclaim, she sprung,
 While from her CHIEF the routed Legions fled;
 Saw Deva roll their slaughter'd heaps among,
 The check'd waves eddying round the ghastly dead;
 Saw, in that hour, her own LLANGOLLEN claim
 Thermopylæ's bright wreath, and aye-enduring fame.

Thus, consecrate to GLORY.---Then arose
 A milder lustre in its blooming maze;
 Thro' the green glens, where lucid Deva flows,
 Rapt Cambria listens with enthusiast gaze,
 While more enchanting sounds her ear assail,
 Than thrill'd on SORGA's bank, the Love-devoted Vale.*

* *Vaucluse*, the celebrated Valley near Avignon, in which Petrarch composed his beautiful Sonnets to Laura.

'Mid the gay towers on steep Din's* Branna's cone,
 Her HOEL's breast the fair MIFANWY fires.—
 O! Harp of Cambria, never hast thou known
 Notes more mellifluent floating o'er the wires,
 Than when thy Bard this brighter Laura sung,
 And with his ill-starr'd love LLANGOLLEN's echos rung.

Tho' Genius, Love, and Truth inspire the strains,
 Thro' Hoel's veins, tho' blood illustrious flows,
 Hard as th' Eglwysseg rocks† her heart remains,
 Her smile a sun-beam playing on their snows ;
 And nought avails the Poet's warbled claim,
 But, by his well-fung woes, to purchase deathless fame.

* In 1390, Castel Dinas-Brân, now a bare ruin, was inhabited by the lovely Lady MIFANWY VECHAN, of the House of Tudor Trevor. She was beloved by the Bard HOEL. See MR. PENNANT'S TOUR, adorned by a pleasing translation, in English verse, of one of Hoel's Poems in her praise, and complaining of her coldness. The ruins of Castel Dinas-Brân, are on a conoid mountain of laborious access. It rises in the midst of Llangollen Valley.

† *Eglwysseg rocks. Rocks of the Eagles.* They are opposite Castel Dinas-Brân. The Rev. Mr. Roberts of Dinbren asserts, that the word *Eglwysseg*, has that interpretation. Mr. PENNANT derives it from the name of a Gentleman, to whose memory the neighbouring column was erected; though, in another part of his Tour, he mentions Leland's testimony, that a pair of Eagles built annually in the Eglwysseg rocks, and that a person was let down in a basket to take the young, with another basket over his head, to protect him from the fury of the parent-birds. This tradition favors Mr. Roberts' etymology. That Gentleman has lately added largely to his paternal house, situated on a noble mountain in Llangollen Valley. The

Thus consecrate to Love, in ages flown,—

Long ages fled Din's-Branna's ruins show,
Bleak as they stand upon their steepy cone,

The crown and contrast of the VALE below,
That, screen'd by mural rocks, with pride displays
Beauty's romantic pomp in every sylvan maze.

Now with a Vestal lustre glows the VALE,

Thine, sacred FRIENDSHIP, permanent as pure;
In vain the stern Authorities assail,

In vain Persuasion spreads her silken lure,
High-born, and high-endow'd, the peerless Twain*,
Pant for coy Nature's charms 'mid silent dale, and plain.

house stands near its craggy summit, and looks as if it had been scooped out of the rocks. A very narrow Valley, containing two sloping copses, and a few bright little fields, with a woody lane winding between them, divides Mr. Roberts' mountain from the opposite elevation of Castel Dinas-Brân. The south-east front of the house looks immediately into this narrow Valley; the barren, and very singular Eglwysseg rocks on the left, and Castel Dinas-Brân in front. Between the base of the latter, and the sloping foot of his own mountain, Mr. R. has the bird's-eye prospect of Llangollen Town, and a part of the Vale.—The Author of this Poem, is indebted to the friendly hospitality of Mr. and MRS. ROBERTS, for an opportunity (during a fortnight's residence with them last Summer) of contemplating the beauties of their own scene, and of the celebrated VALLEY of LLANGOLLEN.

* *Peerless Twain.* RIGHT HONORABLE LADY ELEANOR BUTLER, and MISS PONSONBY, now seventeen years resident in Llangollen Vale, and whose Guest the Author had the honor to be during several delightful days of the late Summer.

Thro' ELEANORA, and her ZARA's mind,
 Early tho' genius, taste, and fancy flow'd,
 Tho' all the graceful Arts their powers combin'd,
 And her last polish brilliant Life bestow'd,
 The lavish Promiser, in Youth's soft morn, [scorn.
 Pride, Pomp, and Love, her friends, the sweet Enthusiasts

Then rose the Fairy Palace of the Vale,
 Then bloom'd around it the Arcadian bowers;
 Screen'd from the storms of Winter, cold and pale,
 Screen'd from the fervors of the sultry hours,
 Circling the lawny crescent, soon they rose,
 To letter'd ease devote, and Friendship's blest repose.

Smiling they rose beneath the plastic hand
 Of Energy, and Taste;—nor only they,
 Obedient Science hears the mild command,
 Brings every gift that speeds the tardy day,
 Whate'er the pencil sheds in vivid hues,
 Th' historic tome reveals, or sings the raptur'd Muse.

How sweet to enter, at the twilight grey,
 The dear, minute Lyceum* of the Dome,
 When, thro' the colour'd crystal, glares the ray,
 Sanguine and solemn 'mid the gathering gloom,
 While glow-worm lamps diffuse a pale, green light,
 Such as in mossy lanes illumine the starless night.

Then the coy Scene, by deep'ning veils o'erdrawn,
 In shadowy elegance seems lovelier still;
 Tall shrubs, that skirt the semi-lunar lawn,
 Dark woods, that curtain the opposing hill;
 While o'er their brows the bare cliff faintly gleams,
 And, from its paly edge, the evening-diamond† streams.

* *Lyceum*,—the *Library*, fitted up in the Gothic taste, the painted windows of that form. In the elliptic arch of the door, there is a prismatic lantern of variously tinted glass, containing two large lamps with their reflectors. The light they shed resembles that of a Volcano, gloomily glaring. Opposite, on the chimney-piece, a couple of small lamps, in marble reservoirs, assist the prismatic lantern to supply the place of candles, by a light more consonant to the style of the apartment, the pictures it contains of absent Friends, and to its ærial music.

† Evening-Star.

What strains Æolian thrill the dusk expanse,
 As rising gales with gentle murmurs play,
 Wake the loud chords, or every sense intrance,
 While in subsiding winds they sink away!
 Like distant choirs, "when pealing organs blow,"
 And melting voices blend, majestically flow.

" *But, ah! what hand can touch the strings so fine,
 " Who up the lofty diapason roll
 " Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
 " Then let them down again into the soul!"
 The prouder sex as soon, with virtue calm, [palm.
 Might win from this bright Pair pure Friendship's spotless

What boasts Tradition, what th' historic Theme,
 Stands it in all their chronicles confessed
 Where the soul's glory shines with clearer beam,
 Than in our sea-zon'd bulwark of the West,
 When, in this Cambrian Valley, Virtue shows
 Where, in her own soft sex, its steadiest lustre glows?

* These lines with inverted commas, are from Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.

Say ivied VALLE CRUCIS*, time decay'd,
 Dim on the brink of Deva's wandering floods,
 Your riv'd arch glimmering thro' the tangled glade,
 Your grey hills towering o'er your night of woods,
 Deep in the Vale's recesses as you stand,
 And, desolately great, the rising sigh command,

Say, lonely, ruin'd Pile, when former years
 Saw your pale Train at midnight altars bow ;
 Saw SUPERSTITION frown upon the tears
 That mourn'd the rash irrevocable vow,
 Wore one young lip gay ELEANORA's smile?
 Did ZARA's look serene one tedious hour beguile?

For your sad Sons, nor Science wak'd her powers ;
 Nor e'er did Art her lively spells display ;
 But the grim IDOL† vainly lash'd the hours
 That dragg'd the mute, and melancholy day ;
 Dropt her dark cowl on each devoted head,
 That o'er the breathing Corse a pall eternal spread.

* The picturesque Ruins of *Valle Crucis* Abbey, one of the most striking objects in this Valley. They are particularly described by Mr. PENNANT, and there are engravings of them in his *Tour*.

† Superstition.

This gentle Pair no glooms of thought infest,
 Nor Bigotry, nor Envy's fullen gleam
 Shed withering influence on the effort blest,
 Which most shou'd win the other's dear esteem,
 By added knowledge, by endowment high,
 By Charity's warm boon, and Pity's soothing figh.

Then how shou'd Summer-day or Winter-night,
 Seem long to them who thus can wing their hours!
 O! ne'er may Pain, or Sorrow's cruel blight,
 Breathe the dark mildew thro' these lovely bowers,
 But lengthen'd Life subside in soft decay,
 Illum'd by rising Hope, and Faith's pervading ray.

May one kind ice-bolt, from the mortal stores,
 Arrest each vital current as it flows,
 That no fad course of desolated hours
 Here vainly nurse the unsubiding woes!
 While all who honor Virtue, gently mourn
 LLANGOLLEN'S VANISH'D PAIR, and wreath their sacred urn.

VERSES

ON

WREXHAM,

AND THE

INHABITANTS OF ITS ENVIRONS.

PROUD of her ancient Race, Britannia shows
Where, in her Wales, another Eden glows,
And all her Sons, to Truth, and Honor dear,
Prove they deserve the Paradise they share.

Thrice happy Wrexham, 'mid thy neighbouring groves
Stray, with 'twin'd arms, the Virtues, and the Loves,
There FLETCHER*, from her own Gwernheyled, beams,
Fair as its meads, and liberal as its streams ;
The Sister APPERLYS†, in Youth's soft morn,
With rising charms the festal scenes adorn ;
And friendly PRICE‡, as happy, free, and gay,
As when, in Life and Beauty's rosy May,

* Mrs. Fletcher of *Gwernheyled*—*Gwernheyled*, means *Sunny Alders*.

† The two Miss Apperlys.

‡ Mrs. Parry Price, late of that neighbourhood.

She shone, the Hebe of her green retreat,
 With half the youth of Cambria at her feet.
 See CUNLIFFE'S* eyes diffuse the gladdening ray,
 And shed around her Pleasure's golden day ;
 Meridian loveliness, majestic grace,
 Stream o'er her form, and lighten in her face ;
 While Sense and Virtue's blended influence dart
 The look, the voice, resistless to the heart.

Nor only, WREXHAM, do thy circling groves
 Boast the fair Virtues, and the radiant Loves,
 There HAYMAN'S† song, with its enchanting powers,
 Floats thro' thy vales, thy mansions, and thy bowers ;
 Her hallow'd temple there Religion shows,
 That erst with beauteous majesty arose
 In ancient days, when Gothic Art display'd
 Her fanes, in airy elegance array'd,
 Whose nameless charms the Dorian claims efface,
 Corinthian splendor, and Ionic grace ;
 Then plied, with curious skill, now rarely shown,
 Th' adorning chisel, o'er the yielding stone.

*The Lady of Sir Foster Cunliffe, Baronet.

† Watkin Hayman, Esq.

But as those Graces which alone delight
 With their fine forms the captivated *sight*,
 Must not aspire to emulate the Art
 That, while it charms the eye, pervades the *heart*,
 See Gothic Elegance the palm resigns,
 When Art in *intellectual* greatness shines.
 Bright as in *Albion's long distinguish'd fanes,
 Within these holy Walls, she lives, she reigns.
 Her SAINTED MAID†, amid the bursting tomb,
 Hears the LAST TRUMPET thrill its murky gloom,
 With smile triumphant over DEATH, and Time,
 Lifts the rapt eye, and rears the form sublime.

WREXHAM, for thee thus rose, by mental power,
 Fair modern Science o'er the Arts of yore;
 For thee exulting she entwines the wreaths,
 As SCULPTURE speaks, and heavenly MUSIC breathes,
 Since great ROUBILLIAC decks thy SACRED SHRINE,
 And GENIUS wakes thy RANDAL'S HARP‡ divine.

* Westminster.

† *Sainted Maid*. Mrs. Mary Middleton's monument by Roubilliac, in the Chancel at Wrexham.

‡ Mr. *Randal*, Organist of Wrexham; an exquisite Performer on the pedal Harp. He has been blind from his infancy.

HOYLE LAKE*;

^A
POEM,

WRITTEN ON THAT COAST,

AND ADDRESSED TO ITS PROPRIETOR,

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

THEE, STANLEY, thee, our gladden'd spirit hails,
Since Life's first good for us thy efforts gain,
Who, Habitants of Albion's inland vales,
Reside far distant from her circling main.

These lightfome Walls, beneath thy generous cares
Arose, the lawny scene's convivial boast,
While at thy voice clear-cheek'd Hygeia rears
Her aqueous altars on this tepid coast.

* *Hoyle Lake*, the real name, better suited to verse than its recently-assumed
appellation, *High Lake*.

This coast, the nearest to our central home,
 That green Britannia's watry zone displays,
 Now gives the drooping Frame a cheerful Dome*,
 Whose Lares† smile, and promise lengthen'd days.

When gather'd fogs the pale horizon steep,
 Falling in heavy, deep, continual rain,
 If, ere the Sun sink shrouded in the deep,
 His crystal rays pervade the vapory train,

Dry are the turfy downs, diffusive spread
 O'er the light surface of the sandy mound,
 Where e'en the languid Form may safely tread,
 Drink the pure gale, and eye the blue profound.

* The large and handsome Hotel, built in the year 1792, by SIR JOHN STANLEY, and which converts these pleasant Downs into a commodious sea-bathing Place.

† Lares, Household-Gods.

Dear Scene!—that stretch'd between the silver arms
 Of Deva*, and of Mersey, meets the main,
 And when the sun-gilt day illumines its charms,
 Boasts of peculiar grace, nor boasts in vain.

Tho' near the Beach, dark Helbrie's lonely Isle,
 Reposes fullen in the watry way,
 Hears round her rocks the tides, returning, boil,
 And o'er her dusky fandals dash their spray.

Mark, to the left, romantic Cambria's coast,
 Her curtain'd mountains rising o'er the floods;
 While seas on Orm's beak'd promontory burst,
 Blue Deva fwells her mirror to the woods.

* *Deva*, the classical name of the DEE.

“Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.”

MILTON's Lycidas.

Also Prior, in Henry and Emma.

“Him, great in peace and wealth, fair Deva knows.”

MILTON, probably uses the epithet *wizard*, in allusion to the rites and mysteries performed on the banks of the Deva, or Dee. In Spencer, that River is made the haunt of Magicians. That fine poetic Scholar and Critic, the late Mr. T. WARTON, observes, in his Edition of Milton's lesser Poems, that MERLIN used to visit old Timon in a green Valley, at the foot of the Mountain, Rauran-Vaur, in Merionethshire, from which Mountain the River Deva springs. See *Fairy Queen*, B. 1. C. ix. V. 4. In Drayton, an old Poet, with whose works Milton was familiar, it is styled “the *hallowed*, the *holy*, the *ominous flood*.”

High o'er that varied ridge of Alpine forms,
 Vast MOEL-Y-FAMMAU* towers upon the sight,
 Lifts her maternal bosom to the storms,
 And screens her filial mountains from their blight.

Far on the right, the dim Lancastrian plains,
 In pallid distance, glimmer thro' the sky,
 Tho', hid by jutting rocks, thy splendid fanes,
 Commercial Liverpool, elude the eye.

Wide in the front the confluent Oceans roll,
 Amid whose restless billows guardian Hoyle,
 To screen her azure Lake when Tempests howl,
 Spreads the firm texture of her amber Isle†.

And tho' the furling Tide's resistless waves
 Roll, day, and night, its level surface o'er,
 Tho' the skies darken, and the whirlwind raves,
 They froth,—but rush innoxious to the shore.

* *Moel-y-Fammau*, the first word spoken as one syllable, as if spelt *Mole*. The name signifies in Welch, *Mother of Mountains*. It is seen in the Hoyle-Lake prospect, behind the Flintshire Hills, and considerably higher than any of them.

† *Amber Isle*, the *Sand Island*, six miles long, and four broad, which lying in the Sea, a mile from shore, forms the Lake; and breaking the force of the Tides, constitutes the safety of that Lake as an Harbour and Bathing-Place.

When fear-struck sea-men, 'mid the raging flood,
Hear thundering SHIPWRECK yell her dire decrees,
See her pale arm rend every sail, and shroud,
And o'er the high mast lift her whelming seas,

If to thy quiet harbour, gentle Hoyle,
The shatter'd Navy thro' the tempest flies,
Each joyous Mariner forgets his toil,
And carols to the vainly angry skies.

What tho' they vex the Lake's cerulean stream,
And curl its billows on the shelly floor,
Yet, in despite of Fancy's timid dream,
Age, and Infirmary, may plunge secure.

How gay the Scene when Spring's fair mornings break,
Or Summer-noons illumine the grassy mound,
When anchor'd Navies crowd the peopled Lake,
Or deck the distant Ocean's skiey bound.

Like leafless forests, on its verge extreme
Rise the tall masts;—or spreading wide their sails,
Silvering, and shining in the solar beam,
Stand on that last blue line, and court the gales.

The peopled Lake, of song, and lively cheer,
And Boatwain's whistle bears the jovial sound;
While rosy pennants, floating on the air,
Tinge the soft seas of glafs, that fleep around.

'Twas on thefe Downs* the Belgian Hero fspread
His ardent Legions in auspicious hours,
Ere to Ierne's hostile fhores he led
To deathlefs glory their embattled Powers.

When, like the Conqueror of the Eastern World,
That ftemm'd with dauntlefs breaft the Granic flood,
His victor-fword immortal WILLIAM whirl'd,
And Boyne's pale waters dyed with Rebel blood.

Since now, to health devoted, this calm fhore
Breathes renovation in its foamy wave,
For the kind DONOR fhall each heart implore,
The good his energies to others gave.

* KING WILLIAM encamped his army on the Hoyle Lake Downs, before he took fhipping from thence, on his victorious expedition to Ireland.

That long on him clear-cheek'd Hygeia's smile,
And long on all he loves, serene may shine,
Who from thy sparkling coast, benignant HOYLE,
Diffus'd the blessings of her crystal shrine.

HERVA*,
AT THE TOMB OF
ARGANTYR.

A
RUNIC DIALOGUE.

HERVA.

ARGANTYR, wake!—to thee I call,
Hear from thy dark sepulchral hall !
'Mid the Forest's inmost gloom,
Thy Daughter, circling thrice thy tomb,

Hervor. “ Awake, Argantyr!—Hervor, the Daughter of thee and Sauferlama,
“ doth awaken thee! Give me out of the tomb the hardened sword which the
“ Dwarfs made for Sauferlama.”

* Doctor Hicks' literal prose Translation in his *Thesaurus Septentrionalis*, of this ancient Norse Poem, is here given to gratify the reader's curiosity; also to show that it is used only as an outline, and that the following Poem is a bold Paraphrase, not a Translation. The expressions in Dr. Hicks' prose, have a vulgar familiarity, injurious to the sublimity of the original conception. A close translation, in English verse, will be found in a valuable collection of Runic Odes, by the ingenious and learned Mr. Mathias. After his example, some slight changes have been made in the names, for their better accommodation to the verse.

With mystic rites of thrilling power
 Disturbs thee at this midnight hour !
 I, thy Sauferlama's child,
 Of my filial right beguil'd,
 Now adjure thee to resign
 The CHARMED SWORD, by birth-right mine !
 When the Dwarf, on Eyvor's plain,
 Dim glided by thy marriage-train,
 In jewel'd belt of gorgeous pride,
 To thy pale and trembling Bride,
 Gave he not, in whisper deep,
 That dread companion of thy sleep?—
 Fall'n before its edge thy foes,
 Idly does it now repose
 In the dark tomb with thee?—awake !
 Spells thy fullen slumber break !
 Now their stern command fulfill !—
 Warrior, art thou silent still?—
 Or are my grofs senses found
 Deaf to the low sepulchral found?—

HERVARDOR,—HIARVARDOR,—hear!
 HRANI, mid thy slumber drear!
 Spirits of a dauntless Race,
 In armor clad, your tombs I trace.
 Now, with sharp and blood-stain'd spear,
 Accent shrill, and spell severe,
 I wake you all from slumber mute,
 Beneath the dark Oak's twisted root!—
 Are Andgrym's hated Sons no more
 That sleeps the SWORD, that drank their gore?—
 Living,—why, to MAGIC RHYME,
 Speaks no voice of former time,
 Low as o'er your tombs I bend
 To hear th' expected sounds ascend,
 Murmuring from your darksome hall,
 At a Virgin's solemn call?—

“ Hervardur, Hiarvardur, Hrani,—with helmet and coat of mail, and a sharp sword,
 “ with shield and accoutrements, and a bloody spear, I awaken you all under
 “ the roots of Trees.

“ Are the Sons of Andgrym, who delighted in mischief, now become dust and
 “ ashes?—Can none of Eyvor's Sons speak to me out of the habitations of
 “ the dead?”—

HERVARDOR,—HIARVARDOR,—hear !

HRANI,—mark my spell severe !

Henceforth may the semblance* cold,

That did each Warrior's spirit hold,

Parch, as Corse unblest, that lies

Withering in the fultry skies !—

Ghastly may your forms decay,

Hence the noisome reptile's prey,

If ye force not, thus adjur'd,

My Sire to yield the CHARMED SWORD !

“ Hervardur, Hiarvardur, Hrani !—so may you all be within your ribs, as a thing
“ that is hanged up to putrify among insects, unless you cause Argantyr to
“ deliver up to me the *sword* which the Dwarfs made, and the glorious belt !”

* According to the Gothic Mythology, the spirits of Heros slept in their bodies, which did not decay. Putrefaction, therefore, was the heaviest curse that could be denounced.

“ Never shall Enquirer come
“ To break my iron-sleep again,
“ Till Lok has burst his ten-fold chain.”

GRAY's Descent of Odin, from the
Norse Poetry.

ARGANTYR.

Arm'd amid this starless gloom,
 Thou, whose steps adventurous roam;
 Thou, that wav'ft a magic fpear
 Thrice before our manfions drear,
 Devoted Virgin,—know in time
 The mischiefs of the Runic RHYME,
 Forcing accents, mutter'd deep,
 From the cold reluctant lip!
 Me no tender Father laid
 Entomb'd beneath an hallow'd shade;
 It was no friendly voice that gave
 The Oak, that screen'd a Warrior's grave,
 Gave it, in malignant tone,
 To the blasting thunderstone.—
 Timelefs now thefe bones decay,
 Pervious to the baleful ray

“ *Argantyr.* Daughter Hervor, full of spells to raife the dead, why doft thou
 “ call fo?—wilt thou run on to thine own mischief?—Thou art mad, and out
 “ of thy fenfes, who art desperately refolved to awaken dead men!”—

“ I was not buried either by Father or other Friends—Two which lived after me,
 “ got *Turfing*, one of whom is now poffeffor thereof.”

Of the fwart star.—'Mid Battle's yell
 The charm'd, the fatal Weapon fell
 From my unwary grasp.—A Knight
 Seiz'd the SWORD of magic might.
 Virgin, of thy spells demand
 His name,—and from his victor hand,
 —Try if thy intrepid zeal
 May win the all-fubduing Steel.

HERVA.

Warrior,—thus, with falsehood wild,
 Seek'st thou to deceive thy child?—
 Sure as Odin doom'd thy fall,
 And hides thee in this filent hall,
 Here sleeps the SWORD.—Pale Chief, resign
 That, which is by birthright mine!
 Fear'st thou, Spirit of my Sire,
 At thy only Child's desire,
 Glorious heritage to yield,
 Conquest in the deathful field?

“ *Hervor*. Thou dost not tell the truth—so let Odin hide thee in the tomb, as
 “ thou hast got *Turfing* by thee. Art thou unwilling, *Argantyr*, to give an
 “ inheritance to thy only child?”—

ARGANTYR.

Daring HERVA, listen yet,
 Spare thy heart its long regret!
 Why trembling shrank thy Mother's frame
 When the FATAL PRESENT came?
 Virgin, mark the boding word,
 Sullen whisper'd o'er the SWORD!
 It prophesied Argantyr's Foes
 Shou'd rue its prowess;—yet that woes
 Greater far his RACE shou'd feel,
 Victims of the CRUEL STEEL,
 When, in blood of millions dyed,
 It arms an ireful Fratricide.
 MAID, no erring accents warn;—
 Of Sons to thee, hereafter born,
 One thy Chiefs shall HYDRECK name,
 Dark spirited!—but dear to fame
 Shall blooming HIARALMO live.—
 Maid, his doom thy mandates give!

“ *Argantyr.* I will tell thee, Hervor, what is to come to pass.—This *Turfing*
 “ will, if thou dost believe me, destroy almost all thy offspring.—Thou shalt
 “ have a Son, and many think that he will be called *Hydrec* by the People.”

Renounce, renounce the dire demand,
Or to thy Sons, in HYDRECK's hand,
Fatal proves, some future day,
The CHARMED SWORD.—Disturb it not!—away!

HERVA.

ARGANTYR,—hear thy Daughter's voice,
Spells decree an only choice!
Or, in perturbed tomb unblest,
The silence of sepulchral rest
Shall no more thy sunk eye steep,
Close no more thy pallid lip,
Or, ere this night's shadows melt,
Mine the SWORD, and gorgeous belt.

ARGANTYR.

Young Maid,—who as of warrior might,
Roamest thus to tombs by night,
In coat of mail, with voice austere,
Waving the Corse-awakening SPEAR
O'er thy dead Ancestors;—offence,
And danger threaten!—hie thee hence!

“ *Hervor*. I do, by Enchantments, make that the Dead shall never know peace, or
“ rest, unless thou deliver up to me *Turfing*.”

“ *Argantyr*. Young Maid, I say thou art of manlike courage, who dost roam
“ about by night to tombs, with spear engraven by magical spells, with hel-
“ met and coat of mail, before the door of our Hall.”

HERVA.

Obeys, obey, or sleep no more!
Now my sacred right restore!
The SWORD, that joys when Foes assail,
Sword, that scorns the ribbed mail,
Scorns the car, in swift career,
Scorns the helmet, scorns the spear;
Scorns the nerv'd experienc'd arm;
ARGANTYR, yield it to my charm!
'Tis not well the Victor's pride,
With thee in silent tombs to hide;
Thy Child, thy only Child, demands,—
Reach it with thy wither'd hands!

ARGANTYR.

The death of HIALMO lies
Beneath this mouldering arm!—and rise
Round its edge, the lurid fires,
Hostile to unaw'd desires.
Hie thee hence, nor madly dare
The death-denouncing grasp;—beware!

“ *Hervor.* I took thee for a brave man before I found out your halls. Give me
“ out of the tomb the workmanship of the *Dwarfs*, which hates all coats of
“ mail.—It is not good for thee to hide it.”

“ *Argantyr.* The death of *Hialmor* lies beneath my shoulders.—It is all wrapt
“ up in fire. I know no Maid of any Country that dares take this *Sword* in
“ hand.”

HERVA.

Not if thousand fires invade
Streaming from its angry blade.
Innoxious are the fires that play
Round the Corse, with meteor ray,
And in these waste hours of night
Silent death-halls dimly light ;
Yet, gliding with consuming force,
Undaunted wou'd I meet their course.

ARGANTYR.

Thou, whose awless voice proclaims
Scorn of the sepulchral flames,
Left their force around thee swell,
Punishing thy daring spell,
And thy mortal form consume,
HERVA, see!—thy Father's tomb

" *Hervor*. I shall take and keep it in my hand, if I may obtain it.—I do not
" think the fires will burn that play about the fight of deceased men."

" *Argantyr*. O, conceited *Hervor*, thou art mad! Rather than thou shouldest
" in an instant fall into the fire, I will give thee the *Sword*, O, young Maid,
" and not hide it from thee."

Opens!—mark, to thee restor'd,
 Rising flow, the baneful SWORD!—
 See, it meets thy rash desire
 *Bickering with funereal fire!

HERVA.

Warrior, now dost thou reclaim
 The lustre of thy former fame;
 Lo, the SWORD, a seeming brand,
 Blazes in thy Daughter's hand!
 Nor perishes that hand beneath
 Vaporous flames, that round it wreathe,
 Gleam along the midnight air,
 Illume the forest wide,—and glare
 On the scath'd Oak!—Sepulchral wood,
 Thee I quit for fields of blood!
 Nor would I, on its fateful range,
 This SWORD, with all its meteors, change
 For the Norweyan sceptre.—Lo,
 Death, and conquest, wait me now!—

“ *Hervor*. Thou dost well, Offspring of Heroes, that thou dost give me the
 “ *Sword* out of the Tomb.—I am now better pleased, O Prince, to have it,
 “ than if I had got all Norway.”

* “ And from about him fierce effusion roll'd
 “ Of smoke, and *bickering flame*, and sparkles dire.”

MILTON's Par. Lost. B. vi. line 765.

ARGANTYR.

HIARALMO's future bane,
Grasp'd with exultation vain,
Fatal, fatal shall be found
To thee, and thine, in cureless wound !
By that wound 'tis now decreed
HYDREK's self at length shall bleed !
Herva, less thy long regret
Had thy Chiefs in combat met
Andgrym's sons, with warlike zeal,
Met them in *uncharmed* steel.

HERVA.

Sleep, Argantyr,—Chief of might,
Thro' the long, the dreary night ;
Nor let strife, and bitter scorn,
'Mid Herva's offspring, yet unborn,

“ *Argantyr.* False Woman!—thou dost not understand that thou speakest
“ foolishly of that in which thou dost rejoice.—*Turfing* shall, if thou wilt be-
“ lieve me, destroy all thy offspring.”

“ *Hervor.* I must go to my Seamen,—here I have no mind to stay any longer.—
“ Little do I care, O royal Friend, what my Sons hereafter quarrel about.”

Disturb thee in the tomb !—and mark,
 The SPEAR, that broke thy slumber dark,
 Round the blasted Oak I wave,
 That ill protects a Warrior's grave !
 Soon shall its scath'd trunk be seen
 Cloth'd in shielding bark, and green
 As before the vengeful time,
 When, by force of baleful RHYME,
 It shrunk amid the forest's groan,
 Smote by the red thunderstone.
 Thro' the renovated boughs,
 Guardians of thy deep repose,
 Shall the hail no longer pour,
 The livid Dog-star look no more !
 Spirits of the elder Dead,
 Spell-awak'd from slumber dread,
 Not to your spears, in martial pride,
 Resting by each Hero's side,
 Not to your gore-spotted mail,
 Steely shroud of Warrior pale,
 Shall, thro' thousand Winters, drain
 Driving snow, or drenching rain ;
 Nor, while countless Summers beam
 On arid plain, or shrinking stream,

Thro' the widening chink be known
Reptile vile of sultry Noon,
To wind the flimy track abhorr'd!—
Fate is mine, since mine the SWORD!

ARGANTYR.

Herva, thine the source of woes,
Direful long to all thy foes,
Ere against thy peace it turn,
And thou thy bleeding Race shalt mourn.
When extinct the tomb's blue fires,
Whose light now gleams, and now retires,
Quivering o'er its edge, forbear
To touch the VENOM'D BLADE ;—beware !
Venom, for the blood prepar'd
Of twelve brave Chiefs, their dread reward.

“ *Argantyr.* Take and keep Hialmor's bane, which thou shalt long have and
“ enjoy.—Touch not the edges, there is poison on both of them!—It is a
“ most cruel Devourer of Men!”

“ Farewell Daughter.—I do quickly give thee the twelve men's deaths, if thou
“ canst believe with might and courage,—and all the goods that Andgrym's
“ Sons have left behind them.”

Herva, now thy Father's tomb
Slowly closes!—Ne'er presume
Again to breathe, in Odin's hall,
Shrill, the Corse-disturbing call!

HERVA.

I go,—for these blue fires infest
The troubled tomb's presumptuous Guest;
As of step profane aware,
Round me, more and more, they glare.—
Hervardor, Hiarvardor,—keep
Lasting slumber!—Hrani sleep!
And sleep ARGANTYR!—Chiefs of might,
Quiet be your mornless night!

“ *Hervor.* Dwell, all of you safe in the Tombs! I must be gone and hasten
“ hence, for I seem to be in a place where fire burns about me.”

EYAM*.

FOR one short week I leave, with anxious heart,
 Source of my filial cares, the FULL OF DAYS;
 Lur'd by the promise of harmonic Art
 To breathe her Handel's soul-exalting lays.
 Pensive I trace the Derwent's amber wave†,
 Foaming thro' sylvan banks, or view it lave
 The soft romantic vallies, high o'er-peer'd
 By hills, and rocks, in savage grandeur rear'd.

Not two short miles from thee,—can I refrain
 Thy haunts, my native EYAM, long unseen?
 Thou, and thy lov'd Inhabitants again
 Shall meet my transient gaze.—Thy rocky screen,

* This Poem was written August 1788, on a journey through Derbyshire, to a music-meeting at Sheffield. The Author's Father was Rector of EYAM, an extensive Village, that runs along a mountainous terrace, in one of the highest parts of the Peak. She was born there, and there passed the first seven years of her life, visiting the Place often with her Father in future periods. The middle part of this Village is built on the edge of a deep Dell, which has very picturesque, and beautiful features.

† *Amber wave.* From the peculiar nature of the clay on the mountains, from which it descends, the River Derwent has a yellow tint, that well becomes the dark foliage on its banks, and the perpetual foam produced by a narrow, and rocky channel.

Thy airy cliffs I mount; and seek thy shade,
 Thy roofs, that brow the steep, romantic glade;
 But, while on me the eyes of Friendship glow,
 Swell my pain'd sighs, my tears spontaneous flow.

In Scenes paternal, not beheld thro' years,
 Nor view'd, till *now*, but by a Father's side,
 Well might the tender tributary tears,
 From keen regrets of duteous fondness, glide.
 Its Pastor, to this Human-Flock no more
 Shall the long flight of future days restore;
 Distant he droops—and that once-gladdening eye
 Now languid gleams, e'en when his Friends are nigh.

Thro' this known walk, where weedy gravel lies,
 Rough, and unsightly;—by the long coarse grass
 Of the once smooth, and vivid Green, with sighs,
 To the deserted Rectory I pass;—
 Stray thro' the darken'd chambers naked bound,
 Where Childhood's earliest, liveliest bliss I found.
 How chang'd, since erst, the lightsome walls beneath,
 The social joys did their warm comforts breathe!

Ere yet I go, who may return no more,
 That sacred Pile, 'mid yonder shadowy trees,
 Let me revisit!—ancient, massy door,
 Thou gratest hoarse!—my vital spirits freeze
 Passing the vacant Pulpit to the space
 Where humble rails the decent Altar grace,
 And where my infant sister's ashes sleep,
 Whose loss I left the childish sport to weep.

* Now the low beams, with paper garlands hung,
 In memory of some village Youth, or Maid,
 Draw the soft tear, from thrill'd remembrance sprung,
 How oft my childhood mark'd that tribute paid.
 The gloves suspended by the garland's side,
 White as its snowy flowers, with ribbands tied;
 Dear Village! long these wreaths funereal spread,
 Simple memorials of thy early Dead!

* The ancient custom of hanging a garland of white roses, made of writing-paper, and a pair of white gloves, over the pew of the unmarried Villagers, who die in the flower of their age, is observed to this day, in the Village of EYAM, and in most other Villages, and little Towns in the Peak.

But, O! thou blank, and silent Pulpit!—thou
 That with a Father's precepts, just, and bland,
 Did'st win my ear, as Reason's strengthening glow
 Show'd their full value—now thou seem'st to stand
 Before my sad, suffus'd, and trembling gaze,
 The dreariest relic of departed days;
 Of eloquence paternal, nervous, clear,
 DIM APPARITION THOU,—and bitter is my tear.

TO
TIME PAST.

WRITTEN DEC. 1772.

RETURN, blest years!— when not the jocund Spring,
 Luxuriant Summer, nor the amber hours
 Calm Autumn gives, my heart invok'd to bring
 Joys, whose rich balm o'er all the bosom pours;
 When ne'er I wish'd might grace the closing day
 One tint purpureal, or one golden ray;
 When the loud Storms, that desolate the bowers,
 Found dearer welcome than Favonian gales, [Vales!
 And Winter's bare, bleak fields, than Summer's flowery

Yet, not to deck pale hours with vain parade
 Beneath the blaze of wide-illumin'd Dome;
 Not for the bounding Dance;—not to pervade,
 And charm the sense with Music;—nor, as roam
 The mimic Passions o'er theatric scene,
 To laugh, or weep;—O! not for these, I ween,
 But for delights that made the *heart* their home,
 Was the grey night-frost on the sounding plain
 More than the Sun invok'd, that gilds the grassy lane.

Yes, for the joys that trivial joys excell,
 My lov'd HONORA*, did we hail the gloom
 Of dim November's eve;—and as it fell,
 And the bright fires shone cheerful round the room,
 Dropt the warm curtains with no tardy hand;
 And felt our spirits, and our hearts expand,
 Listening their steps, who still, where'er they come,
 Make the keen stars, that glaze the settled snows,
 More than the Sun invok'd, when first he tints the rose.

Affection,—Friendship,—Sympathy,—your throne
 Is Winter's glowing hearth;—and ye were ours,
 Thy smile, HONORA, made them all our own.—
 Where are they *now*?—alas! their choicest powers
 Faded at thy retreat;—for thou art gone,
 And many a dark, long Eve I sigh alone,
 In thrill'd remembrance of the vanish'd hours,
 When storms were dearer than the balmy gales,
 And Winter's bare bleak fields than green luxuriant vales.

* MISS HONORA SNEYD, to whom the gallant, and unfortunate MAJOR ANDRE, was so unalienably attached. See the Author's MONODY on that Gentleman.

The following are selected from a centenary of SONNETS, written as occasion presented the Idea, through a Course of more than twenty Years. The Author intends to publish them collectively at some future period.

SONNET.

INGRATITUDE,—how deadly is thy smart,
 Proceeding from the Form we fondly love !
 How light, compar'd, all other sorrows prove !
 Thou shed'st a night of woe, from whence depart
 The gentle beams of patience, that the heart
 'Mid lesser ills illumine.—Thy Victims rove
 Unquiet as the Ghost that haunts the grove
 Where MURDER spilt the life-blood.—O! thy dart
 Kills more than life, e'en all that makes it dear;
 Till we the "sense of pain" wou'd change
 For Phrenzy, that defies the bitter tear,
 Or wish, in kindred callousness, to range
 Where moon-ey'd Idiotcy, with fallen lip,
 Drags the loose knee, and intermitting step.

SONNET,

WRITTEN ON RISING GROUND,

NEAR LICHFIELD.

The Evening shines in May's luxuriant pride,
 And all the funny hills at distance glow,
 And all the brooks that thro' the Valley flow,
 Seem liquid gold.—O! had my fate denied
 Leisure, and power to taste the sweets, that glide
 Thro' kindling Souls, as the soft Seasons go
 On their still varying progress, for the woe
 My heart has felt, what balm had been supplied?—
 But where great NATURE smiles, as *here* she smiles,
 'Mid verdant vales, and gently-swellling hills,
 And glassy lakes, and mazy, murmuring rills,
 And narrow wood-wild lanes, her spell beguiles
 Th' impatient sighs of grief, and reconciles
 Poetic minds to Life, with all her ills.

SONNET,

TO A

YOUNG LADY IN AFFLICTION,

WHO THOUGHT SHE SHOULD NEVER MORE BE HAPPY;

WRITTEN ON THE SEA-SHORE.

Yes, thou shalt smile again!—Time always heals,
 In Youth, the wounds of sorrow.—O! survey
 Yon now subsided Deep, thro' night a prey
 To warring winds, and to their furious peals
 Surging tumultuous.—Yet, as in dismay,
 The settling billows tremble—Morning steals
 Grey on the rocks; and soon, to pour the day
 From the streak'd east, the radiant Orb unveils,
 In all his pride of light.—Thus shall the glow
 Of beauty, health, and hope, by soft degrees
 Spread o'er thy breast;—disperse these storms of woe:
 Wake with soft Pleasure's sense, the wish to please,
 Till from those eyes the wonted lustres flow,
 Bright as the Sun, on calm, and crystal Seas.

SONNET.

Now, young-ey'd Spring, on gentle breezes borne,
 'Mid the deep woodlands, hills, and vales, and bowers,
 Unfolds her leaves, her blossoms, and her flowers,
 Pouring their soft luxuriance on the morn.
 O! how unlike the wither'd, wan, and worn,
 And limping Winter, that o'er-russet moors,
 And plashy fields, and ice-incrusted shores
 Strays,—and commands his rising winds to mourn!
 Protracted Life, thou art ordain'd to wear
 A form like his;—and, shou'd thy gifts be mine,
 I tremble lest a kindred influence drear
 Steal on my mind;—but pious Hope benign,
 The Soul's new day-spring, shall avert the fear,
 And gild Existence in her dim decline.

SONNET.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND.

Since dark December shrouds the transient day,
 And stormy Winds are howling in their ire,
 Why com'st not thou, who always can'st inspire
 The soul of cheerfulness, and best array
 A fullen hour in smiles?—O ! haste to pay
 The cordial visit fullen hours require !
 Around the circling Walls a glowing fire
 Shines ;—but it vainly shines in this delay
 To blend thy spirit's warm Promethean light.
 Come then, at Science, and at Friendship's call,
 Their vow'd Disciple ;—come, for they invite ;
 The social Powers without thee languish all.
 Come,—that I may not *hear* the winds of night,
 Nor *count* the heavy eve-drops as they fall !

SONNET.

If he whose bosom with no transport swells
 In vernal airs, and hours, commits the crime
 Of fullness to Nature ; 'gainst the time,
 And its great RULER, he alike rebels
 Who seriousness, and pious dread repels,
 And aweless gazes on the faded Clime,
 Dim in the gloom, and pale in the hoar rhyme,
 That o'er the bleak, and dreary Prospect steals.
 Spring claims our tender, grateful, gay delight ;
 Winter our sympathy, and sacred fear ;
 And sure the Hearts that pay not Pity's rite
 O'er wide Calamity,—that careless hear
 Creation's wail,—neglect, amid her blight,
 The solemn lesson of the RUIN'D YEAR.



F I N I S.

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